what he needed by BlueWall (MsMrs)

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Summary:

Mylesime said: "[...] And although it's sad we don't have enough Byler smut in the fandom, it's even sadder we don't have sweet, gentle lovemaking between Mike and Will with a top Will. [...]"

Will's had a hard week. He should have known, Mike would be there to make it better.

what he needed

Author's Note:

- For Mylesime.

  Enjoy the porn, if you can. There's nothing else to see here but gay sex.

Will Byers took a deep breath, that didn‘t help his exhaustion at all. His hand was restless on the steering wheel, while he waited for the light to turn green. This was taking too long. Too fucking long. What he needed was his bed. Close his eyes, shut off his thoughts, and just... forget. Forget that he‘d have to stand three more months of High School. How could he have ever thought it‘d get better. No, not in this town. He reached the driveway to his house shortly after, and at the sight of it, Will‘s heart skipped a beat. Mike‘s car, the Corolla he had bought from his grandma a year earlier, was standing there. Just as Will threw his Pinto in park, he noticed his boyfriend sitting on the small front porch. God, what this sight did to him. They had said goodbye for the night only an hour ago, and already, Will was suffering from something like withdrawal. Wondering if it was always going to be like this, actually, hoping it would, Will neared the porch.

„What are you doing here?“ he asked, out of breath for some reason. „I thought you were going to Nancy‘s for the weekend.“ Mike only shrugged, a warm smile playing around his full lips.

„I told them I had to study. You know, with graduation coming up and everything.“

„Copycat.“ Will chuckled, stepping closer. Mike was on his feet now. „You know what that means, right?“

„Let‘s see...“ Mike playfully sighed. „My family‘s gone for the weekend... your family‘s gone for the weekend... what could that mean? Not, that we have two empty houses at our hands. No, that‘s not the right conclusion, is it?“

„Are you done teasing?“ Will‘s arms snaked around Mike‘s body, hands finding each other behind his back. Will‘s face dropped, though. „Sorry, I‘m just so... I don‘t know, Mike. Wanna go to bed?“ Will welcomed Mike‘s soft hand cupping his cheek.

„Hey...“ his boyfriend murmured. „I know. Some days I wish I could fast forward. It‘s not always gonna be like this, you know.“

„I know... but right now-“

„Right now, everything‘s fine.“ Mike insisted. „We‘re here, aren‘t we? Come inside?“

Will nodded, released his hands, and fumbled in his jeans pocket for the keys. The house was dark when they entered, Joyce and Hopper in New York to visit Jonathan, El having a sleepover at Max‘s house. Just for a second, Will turned around to find the light switch. When his gaze found Mike again, he took a sharp inhale. His boyfriend was standing there, shirtless.

„We don‘t have to, if you don‘t want to.“ he stated. „But maybe...“ Mike didn‘t have to finish. Through all the frustration and exhaustion, Will knew it would make him feel better. It was just that, there was this terrible guilt in him. From the day they had met, Mike had taken the hits for Will. He had stepped in, facing every bully,

receiving more black eyes than Will in the process. And even now, twelve years into knowing each other, he was still willing to do everything. *Everything.* Willing to take in all the pent up frustration of the week. How could Will ever give back enough to make up for this? Mike seemed to read minds better than El. „There‘s something in for me too, babe.“ he whispered. „I just love being all yours.“

The invitation was just too tempting. Will rid himself of his jumper quicker than he thought his aching muscles would allow for. The roughest week of his life was already beginning to trickle out of his bones. He wasn‘t quite there yet, though, and Mike knew. He understood. He always understood. Their first kiss was slow. Lazy, but deep, maybe a bit tired even. Mike‘s bare skin was so hot against him. Always, whenever they were together, Will just loved how Mike was a human stove, warming his own cold skin with every touch. The embrace gave Mike goosebumps.

„Sorry…“ Will mumbled. „I‘m just cold.“

„Good thing I know how to warm you up then.“ Mike‘s hands circled fast, but gently on his back, ever so slowly massaging his warmth into the smaller teen. „Your room?“

„Let‘s go.“ Will took Mike‘s hand, suddenly not nearly as sleepy as he had been a few minutes ago. His bedroom was warm. His mother must have turned the heater up before she had left with Hopper. Just as the air around them, their kisses got more heated once inside and under the covers. Will let his hands explore, mirroring Mike‘s movements. When had his jeans become so damn tight? Again proving he knew him better than anyone else, Mike unbuckled Will‘s belt, prompting him to slip out of his jeans. Will did the same for Mike. Even his shorts were now too much for him, the soft fabric teasing him relentlessly. Looking down, he smirked to see Mike was

probably suffering the same way, a small, dark drop staining his light blue boxers.

„I‘m all yours. You know that, right?“ he spoke softly into the crook of Will‘s neck, before carefully nibbling on his ear. Will knew. God, he knew just too well. Through his shorts, he put a few gentle fingers on Mike‘s twitching cock.

„God...“ the black-haired teen groaned. „Don‘t tease.“ Will pouted.

„Won‘t work without a bit of teasing. You‘re not ready.“ At that, Mike all but ripped off his own boxers, and spread his legs wide under the covers.

„Then... get me ready.“ he moaned. „I‘ve been waiting for this all day. I *need* you, Will.“ Will just shushed into Mike‘s ear.

„I just wanna make sure you‘re enjoying this.“ He noticed how his warm breath against Mike‘s neck made the taller teen shudder. Will traced a line across Mike‘s chest, first with his fingers, then with his lips. „Let‘s get you ready then.“

„Please!“ Will just loved, he *adored* the reactions he could coax out of Mike. Making him moan, whimper, quiver beneath him, made him feel so powerful. Somewhere deep down, he suspected that had always been Mike‘s intention, but that didn‘t make it any less real. He pressed a few pecks to the insides of his boyfriend‘s thighs, then he ran his index finger across the fluttering hole that was now in full view.

„You gotta relax, babe. I don‘t wanna hurt you.“ Immediately, he could see, feel Mike‘s tightness vanish, so he could glide one finger inside of the taller teen. „Damn, I can‘t wait to fill you up.“ By now, Mike was whining, making noises like he rarely ever did. Every careful thrust into him, first with just one finger, then with two, later with three, caused him to breathe deeper. Will took his time, keeping his fingers at work, he leaned over. He had to stretch his arm quite a bit to be able to keep going, and kiss Mike at the same time, but the payoff was worth it. He swallowed every little moan that escaped the mess he had turned his boyfriend into. Will was growing harder by the second, but when he managed to get a fourth finger inside of Mike, he knew he wouldn‘t have to wait much longer. Just one thing left to do. Mike gasped when Will sucked on his ear, then on the soft, warm skin of his neck, intentionally leaving behind hickey after hickey. He allowed himself a few seconds to admire his work. He especially loved how Mike‘s jaw was hanging open.

„Hey, open your eyes.“ he cooed, and the sight of those wide, brown, watery eyes made him lose it. „Are you ready, love?“

„Never been more ready for you.“ Mike breathed. „Please just don‘t hold back. Give me all you‘ve got.“

„Don‘t worry, babe. I couldn‘t, even if I wanted to.“ Will smirked. Nudging Mike‘s hole with the head of his own dick, Will couldn‘t help but feel pity. Mike‘s most sensitive areas hadn‘t gotten any attention yet. He‘d have to change that right now. Even the few seconds it took to get the condom on were pure torture, anticipation overflowing in both of them. Just like with his fingers, he took it slow again, only thrusting in an inch, before pulling away. The grunting sound Mike made quickly turned into a high pitched whine, as Will went in twice as deep this time. Only four or five thrusts later, he had his full length inside of his boyfriend, hitting that special spot for the

first time that night. Mike‘s legs twitched, and Will took it as a sign that he needed to spread the pleasure. He had one hand on Mike‘s slippery cock, and his mouth on his nipples, before the black-haired teen could say anything. Taking one of the sensitive buds between his teeth, he stroked Mike gently, all while thrusting into him.

„Go faster! Please, just...“ Mike pressed out between heavy breaths, and Will complied happily, feeling the need to take it to the next level himself. He picked up speed and strength, all but pounding into Mike by now, and as it did so often, the feeling of completion overcame him. This was one of the moments that made Will understand, the two of them were actually two parts of one being. He could feel Mike‘s overwhelming pleasure, just as Mike could sense Will‘s. These were the moments when Will felt most complete. Like he was whole, like nothing else in the world mattered enough to waste a single thought on. Especially not those bullies. Those idiots who would never in their lives understand what he had. Something so deep, they could never grasp it.

„You‘re getting tighter, babe.“ he huffed. „Getting close?“ Mike thrashed his head around in response, before he could manage to choke up

„So fucking close. But I wanna come with you.“

„I‘m there. God, I‘m there. You can let go.“ Will didn‘t wait, he couldn‘t possibly wait for a response. He just had to come, and so he pumped Mike‘s twitching cock even faster, forcing him to release, just like Will did. The otherwise silent house was flooded with both their cries and shouts, and their shared climax seemed to go on for hours. Sure, it wasn‘t hours, but it very well could have been. Around Will, the world dissolved. Nothing was still real, nothing but Mike, the warmth, *the heat, the electricity, the fireworks*. It didn‘t subside

suddenly, rather, it faded away, slowly loosening its grip on Will‘s body. The blissful tension left him, seemingly taking away all his muscles and bones. Will collapsed, his head dropping on Mike‘s heaving chest, and he hardly even found the strength to hum comfortably, when the taller teen‘s arms found their way to his back, where they intertwined. Will carefully pulled out of Mike, groaning at the overstimulation of that simple movement, and then crawled up, reaching eye level. The next moments were all panting, gasping for air, eyes fluttering shut and open.

„Clean up?“ Will asked quietly.

„Yeah.“ Mike agreed. „Just a minute, okay?“ That, of course, meant, not until the morning, but Will couldn‘t have cared less. He stretched out his arm, and Mike gratefully heaved himself up far enough so he could drop his head on Will‘s shoulder. In a perfectly natural motion, their legs entangled. There was nothing in between them. Not the thinnest layer of fabric, just damp skin on damp skin. Will had his eyes closed, smiling weakly at the feeling of Mike‘s face nuzzling against his neck.

„Hey...“ he sighed. „Why was I in a bad mood again?“

„Does it matter?“

„Does what matter?“ Forgetting was pure bliss. Exacty what he needed.

Author's Note:

I think I need to get a new pair of panties.